

untouched and burning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6464824) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6464824>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Age Difference , Young Will Graham , First Time , Alternate Universe , Anal Fingering , Prostate Massage , Face-Fucking , Rimming
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of nights of silver (days of gold)
Stats:	Published: 2016-04-05 Completed: 2016-04-08 Words: 5,949 Chapters: 2/2

untouched and burning

by [peacefrog](#)

Summary

He was about to call it a night when a flash of blue caught in the corner of his eye. Hannibal took two calculating steps, the man with his back turned near the bar drawing him in.

Notes

Inspired by [this](#) post.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The benefit concerts were becoming insufferably predictable, the faces in the crowd all the same. Hannibal went for the opera, and stayed after rubbing elbows with the Baltimore elite just long enough to keep up appearances.

He was about to call it a night when a flash of blue caught in the corner of his eye. Hannibal took two calculating steps, the man with his back turned near the bar drawing him in. He had a mop of short curls flowing from his crown and was dressed, from what Hannibal could see, in a long sleeve blue t-shirt.

Hannibal circled the room, stopping when he finally caught a glimpse of the man head-on. At once the air was pulled from his lungs. Calling the person in the ill-fitting jeans a man would be pushing it, Hannibal knew. The boy couldn't have been more than twenty, and certainly not old enough to legally purchase the flute of champagne he inelegantly gripped in his hand.

He wore sunglasses, his shirt riding up near his hips and exposing the jut of bone over the top of his low-slung jeans. Hannibal straightened his shoulders and made a beeline for the bar.

"Good evening," Hannibal greeted the bartender, ordering a glass of of chianti before turning to get a better look at the man who caught his eye.

Hannibal had no words, in any language, to describe the soft face and lithe body standing before him. His beauty was something Hannibal was certain had only ever come to life beneath the brushstrokes of the old masters. It quaked something buried, something ancient, down in Hannibal's bones.

"Good evening." Hannibal offered his hand, but the man – the boy – only turned his head long enough to peer at Hannibal over the top of his dark glasses before averting his gaze again. "Not fond of eye contact, are you?"

He didn't answer. Hannibal glanced down at his feet. He was wearing sandals. "May I ask, how did you manage to get past the front door?"

"Who says I did." He pushed the sunglasses higher on his nose, turning to rest his elbows against the bar.

Hannibal smiled, inexplicably desperate to know more. "I've never had need to sneak into an event before, but I imagine it's quite easy with someone on the inside."

"Do you now?"

"Do you wonder why you haven't been asked to leave?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"I apologize. My curiosity often gets the best of me," Hannibal said, offering his hand once more. "Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

The beautiful stranger let the glasses fall down on his nose. He didn't take Hannibal's hand. "Will Graham."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Will."

Will was like a flame at his side, warmth passing between them until Hannibal felt sweat trickling from his nape and down the collar of his shirt. He smelled faintly of cigarettes and drugstore shampoo, but underneath was something heady and sweet. He downed the last of his champagne in one long gulp, exposing the long expanse of his neck as his head fell back.

"So, doctor. You a surgeon or something?"

"I was, but I left medicine many years ago to pursue psychiatry."

"A shrink." Will's words dripped in cynicism "Great."

"Not fond of psychiatry?"

"It's not fond of me."

"Perhaps you just haven't found the right therapist."

"You cruising for patients, Dr. Lecter?"

"Not at all."

Hannibal's eyes were so focused on the smooth lines of Will's profile that he didn't see the security guard until he was tapping Will on the shoulder. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I'm going to have to ask you to come with me."

"What seems to be the problem?" Hannibal rose to face the guard and his cheap faded black suit.

"This gentleman is wearing open-toed shoes, sir, and is without a jacket or tie."

Before Hannibal could open his mouth to respond, Mrs. Valentine, the organizer of that night's event, placed herself between the two of them. "Is everything alright?" Her mouth was drawn in a tight line, her gaze flicking from one man to the next.

"Ma'am, this gentleman here is dressed improperly."

"This gentleman here is with me," Hannibal said, gesturing to Will, who had turned from the bar and pushed the sunglasses high into his hair. His eyes were the color of the sea just before a storm.

"Dr. Lecter, please excuse us." Mrs. Valentine dragged the guard away, scolding him in a hushed tone before hurrying back to Hannibal. "I'm so sorry, Dr. Lecter, I hope this hasn't

spoiled your evening.”

“I assure you it has not. Thank you, Mrs. Valentine.” Hannibal pressed a kiss to the back of her hand, the skin paper thin and etched with deep blue veins. With the size of the check Hannibal had written, he was certain he and Will could dance naked on the bar and she wouldn’t bat an eye.

When he turned back to Will, he was smiling all the way up to his eyes. “Thank you,” he said.

“My pleasure,” Hannibal said. “I would, however, still like to know how you managed to get past security to begin with.”

“Like I said, I didn’t. My roommate’s dad drags her to these things. She let me in through the backdoor, and then ditched me to make out with a trombonist in the coatroom.”

Hannibal envisioned pressing Will up against the racks of coats, spreading the seam of his mouth open with his eager tongue. He wondered what that mess of curls would feel like gliding between his fingers.

“May I ask a favor? You are under no obligation to accept.” Hannibal snapped out of his daze, drawn back to reality by the spark in Will’s eyes.

“As long as it has nothing to do with psychoanalysis, go ahead.”

“No, nothing like that. I would like you to sit for me. For a drawing.”

“You want to... draw me?”

“I do. I’d be willing to pay for your time.”

Will considered him a moment, pulling the glasses free from his hair and hooking them in the collar of his shirt. “You don’t have to pay me. I’ll do it,” he said. “But I’m not taking off my pants.”

Hannibal smirked. “Wear what you have on now. It suits you.”

“Okay,” Will said. “When?”

“What are you doing for the rest of the night?”

—

They arrived at Hannibal’s house just before midnight, Hannibal in his tuxedo and Will in his faded jeans and dark sunglasses that dipped low on the bridge of his nose. He slid his sandals off and padded barefoot behind Hannibal into the parlor. Will stood backed against a wall fidgeting with the hem of his shirt.

“Have a seat,” Hannibal said, gesturing toward the sofa. It was plush velvet in a deep crimson red, and Hannibal relished the thought of Will’s bare skin lying against it.

Will dropped his glasses on a side table as he made his way into the room. He sat on the edge of one cushion and looked down at his feet, but Hannibal could feel Will's eyes drinking him in when he turned his back.

Hannibal shucked off his bowtie and poured brandy into snifters. He hesitated before handing one over to Will. "Should I ask your age?"

"I'm twenty two," Will snipped. Hannibal quirked his brow and passed Will the glass.

Hannibal set his own drink aside and retrieved his sketchpad and pencil. "Make yourself comfortable," he said as he positioned an armchair across from Will.

"Can I see some of your drawings first?"

"Of course. I won't be a moment."

Hannibal went to his study and pulled a slim folder from the desk drawer, the one reserved for his most cherished portraits of friends and lovers past. When he returned, Will had already downed his drink. His posture had relaxed and his arms were slung loosely across the back of the sofa.

Hannibal passed Will the folder and sat down in the chair. He studied Will's face as he leafed through the pages, his eyes going wide. "They're all nude," he said, inhaling sharply.

"Yes. But you don't have to be," Hannibal's voice dripped slowly into the space between them. "You're here of your own accord, as a friend. You can pose for me however you'd like."

"Friend? You don't even know me."

"I don't, but I would like to."

Will was unaffected, fixated on the drawings. "Did you draw all of these from real life?"

"I did."

Most of the drawings weren't sexual in nature, studies of the human form above all else, but a few, Hannibal knew, were certainly the cause of the growing flush in Will's cheeks.

Hannibal's favorite was reserved for last. A male colleague, with whom he'd had a short-lived affair, spread out on his bed, his face obscured in shadow. He was naked and erect, one hand resting near his face, the other wrapped around his shaft. Hannibal had captured in great detail how he'd leaked all over his belly.

Will slammed the folder shut and slid it onto the end table. He paused for a moment, then began to tug his shirt up over his head. "Okay." His voice trembled only slightly. "I'm ready."

Hannibal eyed the shirt on the floor and decided that he didn't care. Will's skin was delicate and smooth as porcelain. Hannibal could practically feel it gliding beneath his touch. Will threw his legs up on the sofa and laid back against the armrest, draping one arm above his head, the other stretched out at his side.

Hannibal's eyes swept over Will's body. "Wonderful," he said, reaching for his pencil.

Hannibal put graphite to page, mapping out the first delicate features of Will's face. Curls fell across Will's brow and down into his eyes. His hand moved to brush them away.

"Leave them," Hannibal said. "Please."

Will's arm curved back up over his head. His lips were parted and his eyes were locked on a spot near Hannibal's feet. His body was loose and relaxed, but Hannibal could smell the nervous energy spilling from him.

"Are you comfortable?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes."

"Good."

"Do you want to have sex with me?"

Hannibal's pencil froze against the page, leaving a dark pinpoint of graphite in its wake. "Have I done something to give you that impression?"

"I thought maybe that's why you asked me to come here, but I wasn't sure." Will sat up and finally met Hannibal's gaze. "Did you sleep with all those people in your drawings?"

Hannibal rested his pad and pencil on the arm of the chair. "Some of them. Tell me, Will, if you thought my intention was to sleep with you, why did you come?"

"You stood up for me. Not a lot of people do that."

"You came here with intentions of your own, then."

"I came here because I wanted to see what would happen. I've never..."

Hannibal raised his brow and leaned forward in the chair. "You've never gone home with a stranger before?"

"Yes. Well, no. I haven't. I've never gone home with... anyone."

Hannibal was overcome with inspiration of a different kind. He could see his creation blossom before his eyes. "Are you a virgin, Will?"

Will began to flush down to his chest. "Yes."

Hannibal stood and crossed the small space between the chair and the sofa. He sat down next to Will. "What were your intentions coming here tonight?"

Will leaned in close. Hannibal could see the pulse fluttering in his neck. "I don't know," he whispered, close enough for the words to dance across Hannibal's lips.

"Yes, you do." Hannibal itched to touch, but resisted. Not just yet. "How old are you really?"

Will pressed closer to Hannibal's side. His fingers trembled when he touched them to Hannibal's thigh. "Nineteen."

"*Oh*," Hannibal's voice rumbled, caught in his throat. "Dear Will..." Hannibal was struck speechless, finally daring to touch. He dragged the backs of his fingers across the smooth expanse of Will's cheek.

Will was drawing in rapid breaths through his nose. Hannibal thumbed at the swell of his bottom lip. He considered sprawling Will out on the couch and taking him apart right there, but then he thought about his bed, the burgundy silk sheets he'd just put on that morning. Will's skin would glide so easily there, contrast so beautifully in the moonlight spilling through the curtains.

"Would you like to finish the drawing later?" Hannibal asked.

Will took one deep, shaking breath. "Yes."

—

Hannibal removed his jacket and hung it in the closet. He dropped his cufflinks into the velvet-lined box on the dresser. He unbuttoned his shirt at the throat. He rolled his sleeves high on his forearms. Will sat on the edge of the bed, fingers digging into his own thighs. Hannibal could smell his arousal.

He crossed to the window and opened the curtains to the night. The moon hung high in the sky, partially obscured with thin wisps of clouds. "Stand for me, please," he said, crossing to the bed. Will jumped to his feet and stood straight as a rod, wide-eyed as Hannibal turned down the bed.

The sheets were so lovely. It was a shame he was going to have to ruin them.

Hannibal curled his hand around Will's shoulder, pressing gently. "Sit," he said.

Will went down without resistance. He stared up at Hannibal with questioning eyes. "I don't know what to do."

Hannibal kneeled between his legs and ran his hands soothingly down Will's arms. "You don't have to do anything at all," he said. "Except for one more thing." He thumbed at the fly of Will's jeans.

Hannibal sat back on his heels as Will unbuttoned his jeans and shoved them down to his knees. Hannibal pulled them off the rest of the way, discarding them in a pile on the floor. He ran his fingers up Will's calves, over his knees, across his thighs. His skin was silken and warm. He trembled as Hannibal's hands skirted around his groin to rest against his hips.

"Lie back on the pillows," Hannibal said.

Will scooted up on the bed and pressed himself against the headboard, pillows cradling his back. His erection tented the front of his steel blue boxers as Hannibal knelt on the bed.

“You’ve never been touched. Not by anyone.” Hannibal was surprised at how much that thrilled him. He traced the line of Will’s jaw with one steady finger. “Not even a little.”

“I’ve been kissed,” Will said. “Once or twice.”

“I imagine you’re quite sensitive to touch.” Hannibal pressed his palm flat to Will’s chest. He ran it over one of Will’s nipples and was rewarded with a gasp. “How often do you touch yourself?”

Will’s chest heaved and his heart thumped beneath Hannibal’s hand. “I don’t know.”

“Yes you do.” Hannibal dropped his hand lower, trailing down Will’s abdomen.

“A few... few times a week I guess. Maybe less.”

“Is that all? A boy your age should be insatiable.”

“Ah!” Will arched his back squeezed his eyes shut as Hannibal’s hand grazed the front of his shorts.

Hannibal crawled up Will’s body and pressed his lips against Will’s ear. “Lie down and spread your legs.”

Will’s body quaked as Hannibal dragged his lips across the shell of his ear. He shifted down on the bed and nestled his head into the pillows. Hannibal sat back and watched Will’s chest expand with each quickening breath. His lips were pink and parted, and a wet spot had formed across the front of his boxer shorts.

“What are you going to do?” Will’s voice quivered and cracked.

Hannibal ran his nose up the hard line of Will’s erection, inhaling deep. He planted a trail of kisses from below Will’s navel up to the center of his chest. “What would you like me to do?”

“I...” Will shook his head and closed his eyes. “I don’t know.”

Hannibal lowered himself to settle in between Will’s legs, his abdomen pressed down against Will’s ever-thickening cock. He grazed Will’s nipple with his bottom lip, pulling away as Will’s breath hitched and a soft moan fell from his lips.

He dragged the very tip of his tongue over the same spot, then began to swirl it there until the sensitive flesh pulled tight and hardened to a nub. He sucked Will’s nipple between his lips and gently rolled his tongue.

Will’s cock pulsed against Hannibal’s belly. He whimpered and writhed as Hannibal moved to his other nipple and paid it the same attention as the first.

“Tell me, Will,” Hannibal said, “do you think you could come like this? With my mouth and my tongue, and your cock throbbing between us?”

Will's attempt to buck his hips in response was hindered by Hannibal's weight holding him down.

Hannibal smirked. "I guess we won't know until we try."

Hannibal lapped at Will's nipple, suckled it gently into his mouth and grazed it with his teeth as he teased the other with the pads of his fingers. Hannibal wished he could see the picture he was painting in full view, from above, watching Will fall apart beneath another for the very first time. He wanted to see that supple skin prickled with sweat, limbs drawn tight and face twisted in agonizing relief.

Hannibal's own cock ached painfully between his legs. He rolled Will's nipples between his lips and his fingers, soaking them with his tongue. Will had one arm slung across his eyes and his bottom lip caught between his teeth. When Hannibal finally pulled back, Will's skin glowed silver-blue in the moonlight flooding through the window.

"I'm close," Will pushed out the words through shuddering breaths.

"You're exquisite," Hannibal said. "Tell me how that felt."

"It felt amazing. Please don't stop."

Hannibal cupped Will's cheek. It was like fire in his hand. "Beautiful," he said. "Lie on your belly for me."

Will rolled and repositioned himself, lying with his cheek pressed into the pillow in an attempt to see Hannibal over his shoulder. Hannibal lifted Will's hips and hooked his fingers in the waistband of his boxers, pulling them down in one swift motion. He tossed them into the darkness of the room.

Hannibal had to resist the urge to grab a sketchpad and recreate the beauty before him. He scraped his blunt nails gently down Will's back and over his cheeks. "Have you ever penetrated yourself with your fingers?" he asked, palming Will's ass with both hands.

"No," Will huffed against the pillow. "Are you going to..."

"Shhh." He rubbed small, soothing circles into Will's lower back. "For now, I'm just going to use my mouth and my tongue."

Hannibal fell down between Will's legs and spread his cheeks wide. Will's scent was intoxicating, and Hannibal pressed his nose against the strip of skin just behind his balls. He flattened his tongue there and licked one long stripe across his hole, all the way up the cleft of his ass.

"*Fuck!*" Will ground down into the mattress. Hannibal steadied his hips with a firm grip.

When Will stilled Hannibal spread him open again, lapping at his entrance until it was split-slick and Will was choking sobs into his pillow. Will began rutting against the mattress again in earnest as Hannibal sucked at his rim and speared him open with the tip of his tongue.

“Lift up,” Hannibal said, trying to ignore the throb between his own legs. “Up on your knees, keep your head down.”

Will arched his back and pushed his ass high in the air. Hannibal spread his thighs wide and settled back in. He wrapped a hand around Will’s cock and slicked him up from head to base with the pre-come that was leaking from his slit.

“Take what you need from my hand,” Hannibal said. He bent down and continued to work Will’s hole open with his tongue.

“Fuck. Oh, *fuck*,” Will was shuddering, sobbing, falling apart. Hannibal could practically taste the tears on his cheek as Will snapped his hips, fucking his slick cock into Hannibal’s tight fist.

“That’s it,” Hannibal said against Will’s hole. “Good boy.”

Hannibal pressed his tongue flat against Will’s hole and rolled it there. Will’s cock slid sticky and stiff against his palm. Hannibal tightened his hold, and Will’s body pulled taut as a bow. Will burst beneath him, a wick finally catching alight beneath the searing flame. He spilled hot and messy all over Hannibal’s fist, all over the sheets. Hannibal stroked him through it and then sucked Will from his fingers once he’d collapsed against the mattress.

Will shuddered and shook in the aftermath. Hannibal rolled him onto his back and pushed the sweat-soaked curls from his eyes. “You’re beautiful,” he said. “Radiant.”

Will reached for him, fingers curling at the nape of his neck and pulling Hannibal down to lick into his mouth. The kiss was languid and deep, Hannibal lying with his head length pressed against Will’s hip. Hannibal rutted against Will’s bare skin. Slow, erratic thrusts that pushed him toward the edge with each velvet slide of Will’s tongue. He wanted to free his cock, feel himself glide against the warmth of Will’s hip, but before he could pull away he was coming all over himself inside his pants.

Hannibal’s breath stuttered against Will’s neck. Will’s curls were spun silk in his fingers. “Tell me,” his voice rumbled against Will’s skin, “how did that feel?”

“Like I never wanted it to end.”

Hannibal pulled back to look at Will’s face. “It doesn’t have to end,” he said. “Stay with me tonight.”

Will smiled and ducked his head. Even in the dim light of the moon Hannibal could see the deep flush of his cheeks. He glowed into the space between them, radiant as the sun.

Chapter 2

Will spent most of the night in between waking and dreams. He kept to his side of the bed as Hannibal slept soundly on his back, too uncertain to reach out and touch. By the time the sun began peeking in through the curtains, he was so hard it bordered on painful.

Hannibal's eyes fluttered open to greet the morning. Will stared at him, wide-eyed and wanting, until Hannibal met his gaze. "Good morning," he said. "How long have you been awake?"

"A while," Will said. "I didn't want to wake you."

"I wouldn't have minded." Hannibal rolled onto his side and slinked an arm across Will's hip. His hand was a flickering flame.

Will dared to move close enough to press his erection against Hannibal's bare abdomen. "How did you sleep?" he asked, words punctuated by the hitch in his breath as Hannibal's fingers dug in just above the curve of his ass.

"Very well, and you?"

"Okay." Will shuddered as Hannibal's body shifted, his thigh brushing against Will's cock. "I slept okay."

Hannibal ghosted his lips across Will's cheek. He hovered above Will's mouth as he spoke. "Would you care for breakfast?" The pads of his fingers trailed up the line of Will's cock under the covers.

"Do you cook?" The words came out a desperate choke. Hannibal's fingers trailed back down and across Will's balls.

"I prepare most of my own meals, yes." Hannibal's hand pressed down between Will's thighs, beckoning them open. "Do you?"

Will pushed his knees out and spread his legs as Hannibal probed lower. "I'm good with... fish. I like to fish."

Hannibal's touch sparked behind Will's balls, across the velvet patch of skin leading down between his cheeks. "Did your father teach you?"

"Yes."

Hannibal hummed his approval. "There are some things I'd like to teach you as well, if you'll allow it," he said. "Or would you prefer to eat first?"

"N-no... no." Every muscle in Will's body was drawn tight as Hannibal's fingers dragged lightly across his hole. "This is fine. It's good. I want you to show me."

Hannibal rolled onto his back and shucked the covers off. "Come here," he said. "On top of me."

Will straddled Hannibal's lap and felt his hardness trapped inside his pants. Hannibal gripped his hips and beckoned him forward until Will's thighs were spread wide across his chest.

"I'm going to need you to last for me, Will," Hannibal said. "But I fear you won't. It's going to be very intense your first time."

Will swallowed around his heart thumping in his throat. "What is?"

"I'd like to penetrate you with my fingers. Would you like that?"

Will pushed out one shuddering breath. "Yeah. Yeah If it's anything like what you did with your tongue..."

Hannibal's hands trailed up and down Will's sides. "I think you'll find it immensely pleasurable," he said. "But you will come very quickly, and I'd like to prolong the pleasure as much as possible."

"Okay. I'll try and last."

"The best solution would be for you to come quickly now. At your age, achieving an erection again won't be an issue. Do you understand?"

"You want me to... come now so that I can come again later?"

Hannibal smirked. "Precisely. Come closer, you may use my mouth."

Will was flushed up to his ears, down the back of his neck. His aching cock twitched at the thought of sliding in between Hannibal's parted lips.

"Don't be afraid," Hannibal said. "Grip the headboard and push forward."

Hannibal's hand wrapped around Will's length as he tipped his hips forward toward Hannibal's waiting mouth. His grip slipped against the headboard as Hannibal dragged the head of Will's cock across his lips.

"Fuck," Will groaned as he gazed down at Hannibal, desire coiling like a serpent in his groin.

"It's okay, Will." Hannibal's tongue darted out to flicker across his slit. "You won't hurt me. I promise. Come closer."

Hannibal lifted Will's ass up as he slid down the pillows to lie flat against the bed. Will's thighs spread even wider still as his legs draped across Hannibal's shoulders.

"Fuck my mouth," Hannibal instructed, his breath ghosting across Will's cock head. "Use it as you did my hand."

The wet heat of Hannibal's mouth made Will's eyes roll into his head. His tongue was like velvet gliding down the length of him. Hannibal's hands gripped his ass hard, urging him ever forward, until his throat was fluttering open to accommodate every inch as it slid down, down...

Hannibal made a sound that spread like fire across Will's skin. A wild blaze searing flesh and bone. Will's pelvis was flush with Hannibal's lips as he thrust once, twice, three times... a constellation of sparks flaring behind his eyes as the warm embrace of Hannibal's throat beckoned his orgasm.

Will came with one final snap of his hips, strangled sobs dragged up from his belly and spilled out into the room. Hannibal's fingers dug into his ass and pulled him even closer still, holding him inside as Will filled him with spurts of hot release.

Tears prickled Will's eyes as he slid from Hannibal's lips. His heart was like a feral beast roaring in his chest. He remained half hard as Hannibal rolled him onto his back to lie against the bed.

"Your taste is delectable," Hannibal said, voice thick and rough, "as I knew it would be. Are you ready for what comes next?"

Hannibal's pajama bottoms tented out obscenely. Will ached to see what was inside. His hands quaked at the thought of reaching out and tugging them down. "Yeah," he said, "I think so."

Without warning Hannibal lifted Will's hips and propped them up with several pillows. "Spread your legs for me."

"Why not on my knees?" Will's voice only shook a little when he spoke. He opened his thighs, knees falling back toward his abdomen.

"I want to be able to see your face." Hannibal retrieved a plastic bottle from the nightstand and knelt in front of Will.

Will felt more open and vulnerable than he had in the night, the light of morning leaving all parts of him in full view to Hannibal's hungry eyes. He wanted to hide behind his hands. He bunched them into fists at his sides. Hannibal's gaze raked over him, down his face and chest, across the smooth skin of his thighs. Will was fully erect again and pre-come dripped onto his belly. Hannibal licked his lips as he stared down at Will's hole, exposed where he was spread wide.

Hannibal's palms soothed up the backs of his thighs. "I'll go slow," he said. "Very slow at first. Will you promise to tell me if I hurt you?"

"Yes," Will breathed out, trembling as Hannibal popped the cap on the lubrication.

Hannibal's face was relaxed as he slicked up just the tips of his fingers, warming the lube by rubbing them against his thumb. Will's body tensed and he fought the urge to slam his legs shut at the first contact against his hole.

“Relax,” Hannibal instructed, gently circling his fingers against Will’s entrance. The look in his eyes calmed the rapid drumming of Will’s heart. “You’re doing very well.”

“I’m just lying here. I’m not really doing much of anything.”

Hannibal’s mouth softened in a smile. “You’re being very receptive, you’re open to trying new things even if they scare you. You’re scared right now, yet you’re allowing me to do this.”

“I’m not scared,” Will lied, “I’m just...”

“You’re uncertain, and that makes you afraid.” Hannibal squeezed more lube across his fingers and Will’s hole. His fingers never ceased their gentle stimulation. Will felt as if he were on fire.

“How many times have you done this?”

“This particular act? I’m afraid I haven’t kept count, but I assure you I’ve done it enough to know what is pleasurable, and what is not.”

Hannibal increased the pressure a little, just breaching the puckered entrance of Will’s hole with the pads of his fingers. He added more lubrication still. Will groaned, trying to remember how to breathe. He gasped as Hannibal pressed his index finger in, careful and slow, stopping when he reached the first knuckle. Will drew his muscles tight at the intrusion.

Hannibal retracted his finger, his touch soft and warm against Will’s cheeks. “Will, you must relax,” he said.

Will pushed all the air from his lungs. His face was burning hot. “I’m sorry. It feels good. It’s just that it also feels like...”

“A violation?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll stop if you want me to.”

“No,” Will choked out. “No. Don’t stop.”

Will’s nerves were frayed with too much desire, riding high from his orgasm, in anticipation of the next. He felt bared beyond the physical beneath Hannibal’s gaze, as though his honeyed eyes could pierce right down to his core. Hannibal’s hands were like embers. Will ached so deeply to burn.

“Tell me about yourself,” Hannibal said, circling his fingers.

Will huffed out a trembling laugh. “Now?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal pushed his finger back in, this time to the second knuckle. He slipped it out and then back in again. Will gasped and his cock leapt against his skin.

“I don’t know. What do you want to know?”

“Everything.”

“I, uh—” Will’s breath hitched as Hannibal’s finger pressed into him entirely. “I’m in school. I think I want to be a cop.”

Hannibal pulled out of Will’s body and smiled. “A very noble profession,” he said, slicking his fingers with more lubrication.

“I... I work at a boatyard on the weekends.” Will’s breathing stuttered as he felt the tips of two digits pressing against his hole.

“And what do you do at the boatyard?”

“I work on boat motors. I’ve been fixing them since I was a kid.”

“Another lesson from your father?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal hummed happily. “I imagine you’re a fast learner,” he said. “I need you to relax for me completely, Will. I’m going to penetrate you with two now. If you tense too much, it will hurt.”

Will inhaled sharply through his nose. Hannibal drizzled more lube down his crack and massaged Will’s rim as he slowly pressed inward. Will felt the ring of muscle giving to the pressure, his body wrapping tight around the tips of Hannibal’s fingers.

“How does that feel?” Hannibal asked, withdrawing his fingers and circling Will’s slick hole before pressing back in again.

“Intense, but good. It feels really good,” Will moaned. “Are you... are you going to fuck me?”

“You mean aside from with my fingers?”

“Yeah, with your... your dick.” Will’s face glowed hot as he squeezed the words out.

“Later, if you would like me to.” Hannibal slid into Will, two knuckles deep. “I would like to.”

“Yeah,” Will sighed. Hannibal crooked his fingers as he pulled back and Will cried out.

“That,” Hannibal said, “is your prostate. Does it feel good?”

“Fuck, yes.” Will’s cock ached. He knew he could come again in no time. “Do it again.”

Hannibal straightened his fingers and fucked them in and out of Will's hole, slowly at first, then speeding up his pace as Will opened to him more and more. Finally, he touched the spot again that tugged tight at Will's balls and lit fires behind his eyes. Hannibal massaged gently around it with the pads of his fingers. Will's cock leaked warm and wet against his skin.

"Many men can achieve orgasm from prostate stimulation alone," Hannibal said. "Would you like to give it a try?"

"I'm so close already." Will bunched the sheets in his fists. Sweat dripped from his brow and into his eyes. His cock throbbed between his legs.

"Not just yet," Hannibal said, his tone soft but stern. "We're going to have to work on desensitizing you, Will. In the future, I would love to do this for hours at a time, delaying your release until it becomes unbearable."

Tears soaked Will's lashes. "I can't," he croaked out. "Please."

"You can. You've opened up for me very well, Will. Try and prolong this pleasure a moment longer for me now."

Will felt so full, Hannibal's fingers gliding in and out of his body, stopping in between every other thrust to stroke around and against his prostate. He gripped the backs of his thighs and spread himself wider, beckoning Hannibal to push in even deeper.

Will's mouth fell open in a silent cry as Hannibal relentlessly brushed against the sweetest spot over and over. He fought to breathe, pulled under by pleasure until he was drowning in it. With a strangled sob he came, cock shooting hot stripes of come up to his chest as Hannibal stroked him through it from the inside.

For a moment, Will was paralyzed, his limbs nothing more than deadweight sprawled against the bed. Hannibal still knelt between his legs, reaching into his pants and pulling his cock out just enough fuck into his own fist. It slid slick and wet into his hand, his eyes fixed on Will the entire time. Will wanted to reach out and touch him, feel the weight of him between his fingers, but before he could remember how to move Hannibal was coming all over the bed with a sob.

"I'm sorry," Will said as Hannibal fell down next to him.

"You have nothing to be sorry for." Hannibal's chest heaved as he gasped for air. "We have all the time in the world for you to learn control."

"Do we?" Will looked at him uncertainly. Hopefully.

"Yes," Hannibal said, "we do. What would you like for breakfast?"

"Whatever you want. But I should go soon. I have class this afternoon."

"Alright." Hannibal seemed saddened by the revelation.

"I'll come back," Will assured him.

“Tonight?”

Will grinned, reaching over to take Hannibal’s hand. “Tonight.”

End Notes

original prompts on tumblr [here](#) and [here](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!